



" Prompt to improve and to invite,
 " We blend instruction with delight."

VOL. V. [I. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, DECEMBER 20, 1828.

No. 15.

POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,
 " Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

Christ Church Cathedral.

AN IRISH STORY—FOUNDED ON FACT.

Now the wasted brands do glow
 Whilst the screech-owl scritch-ing loud,
 Puts the wretch that lives in woe,
 In remembrance of a shroud.

Now it is the time of night,
 That the graves all gaping wide,
 Every one lets forth his sprite,
 In the church-yard paths to glide.

Midsummer Night's Dream.

" I am astonished at your conduct to-night, Captain Fitzroy," said the lovely Lady Jane Trelawney, blushing deeply, and trying to disengage herself from his hold. " If you do not immediately release me I'll call for assistance.

" Why my dear, fascinating little widow, why so coy? I only wish to touch that ruby lip of thine; where's the harm, are you not soon to be mine forever?"

" I thought so once," said Lady Jane, still struggling to escape from him, " but now I never will be yours; unhand me instantly."

" I obey, madam," said Fitzroy, hiccoughing, " I obey but think there is a great fuss made about a harmless little kiss."

" You are not in a situation to visit ladies," said the wondering Lady Trelawney, ringing the bell as she spoke. A servant appearing, she continued, " James attend Captain Fitzroy to the door."

" But, my dear Lady Jane," said Fitzroy, " surely you will not turn me out of doors to-night; if you love me, let me stay and— and sleep—I—I—beg pardon"—hiccoughing again—" I mean to say permit me once more to—to beg your—par—don."

" No remonstrances, I prythee, they are useless; James, get a carriage for captain Fitzroy, and tell the coachman to leave him safe at the Royal Barracks."

" I beg your—your pardon, Lady Trelawney, but I'll have no carriage; and as for the bar-

racks, I say the devil take them; I'll not be sent there like a criminal. Good night—Lady Jane, God bless you—God bless you."

Scarcely had the door closed upon Fitzroy, who stoutly refused the proffered attendance of the servant, before Miss Nugent, the beautiful and accomplished cousin of Lady Jane, made her appearance at it, and requesting the servant to lock it, she entered the drawing room with a flushed cheek and agitated appearance.

" What is the matter, my Dear Helen, you look as if you had met with an adventure?"

" Pray wait 'till I get breath, and do not be to inquisitive to-night, sweet. I have had something of a fright—by the way—you look as if something had occurred out of the usual course. I think I must ask questions too."

" This is a queer world," said Lady Trelawney, with a half smiling, half blushing countenance, as with eyes bent to the ground, she sat swinging to and fro one of the prettiest feet in the world—" truly it was a great fuss to make about a harmless little kiss."

" Are you thinking of me?" said Miss Nugent, colouring violently.

" No, my dear, truly, I am not, Captain Fitzroy has but this moment left me, and it is of him I am thinking."

" Indeed! he retired early, it is not yet nine o'clock; how did this happen?"

" I dismissed him in a pet," said her cousin, blushing and smiling—yet affecting a look of displeasure.

" In the name of Cupid, what did he do to offend you? Fitzroy is so dignified and respectful, that I cannot imagine what he could have done to give offence."

" O nothing, a mere trifle, only came here heated with wine, and insisted on kissing my cheek."

" What a crime," said Miss Nugent, smiling in her turn, " and how did you get rid of the Tarquin?"

" Told James to show the saucy fellow down stairs; he entreated to be permitted to remain, but candidly, I was afraid of him; and Fitzroy,

too proud to remonstrate before the servant, retired in silence."

"Well," said the charming Helen, "now you have told your story I will tell mine. His friend and brother officer, Major Loftus, came by appointment to Lady Kilmore's to wait upon me home, and seeing that he was unusually gay, and that her Ladyship suspected he had taken too much wine, I proposed, to prevent further exposure of his situation, that we should go home; besides, I feared that if I remained longer, he would be still more an unfit escort for me."

"I wonder, dearest Helen, that you trusted yourself with him," said Lady Jane, "I think you ran some risk of being insulted."

"Stay and hear what a situation I was placed in; Lady Kilmore offered me the use of her carriage, but Loftus resented this so much, that I consented to walk hither with him, and you have no idea how rudely the creature behaved to me."

"O yes I have, though, and should like to know how you got rid of him."

"I'll tell you. After being tormented by him all the way from Lady Kilmore's to Fishamble street, the moment I reached your door, I requested him to remain on the pavement till I rang the bell; I ran up the steps, and trying to open it, luckily found it was not fastened. I darted in, and turning the key, left the gallant Major in the lurch, and here I am, thank my kind stars, safe from harm."

At first, these ladies laughed and giggled about their beaux a good deal; but it suddenly occurred to Lady Trelawney, that some accident might befall them. "What in the world could have possessed the good-for-nothing creatures?" said she, "I never knew them behave so before. I have always given Fitzroy and Loftus credit for their sobriety and love of order; there is something singular in this, I cannot comprehend its meaning."

"I have frequently heard Loftus boast that Fitzroy or himself had never been intoxicated, and I sincerely hope that no harm may happen to them, in consequence of this first transgression," said Miss Nugent.

"Heigh ho!" sighed Lady Trelawney, "I wish I had not sent Fitzroy away, I fear me some accident may happen to him; I was rash perhaps to send him abroad so situated."

"Do you really apprehend any disaster may occur to them?" said Helen, anxiously.

"I must confess I have some misgivings, in my mind about them both; I hope they may have reached the barracks, by this time, however," said Lady Jane, ringing the bell for the footman. The servant appearing, she requested him to go there immediately, and inquire if Major Loftus and Captain Fitzroy had arrived yet, and if they had, to say she should expect them both at dinner on the following day.

"Why bless you, my Lady," said the footman, starting, "it is too late to go there to-night

if I was near the barracks now, I could not gain admission, and by the time I had crossed the bridge it would be near eleven o'clock."

"You are right, James," said Lady Trelawney, looking at her watch, "it is too late, you had better go early in the morning." The servant bowing, retired.

"Dear me, how unpleasant I feel," said Miss Nugent. "Poor fellows, I wish I could be sure they were safe out of harm's way."

"I wish so too," replied her Ladyship. "I dare not trust myself to think about them. I feel a presentiment of their danger; the only consolation I have," forcing a smile as she spoke, "is the belief in the old saying, that Nought's never in danger."

"You may call your dashing spark, Fitzroy a 'Nought,' if you please sweet coz, but spare my dear, refined, fascinating Loftus."

"We ought to pardon them this first trespass; I strongly suspect colonel Archdale has plied them both with usquebaugh and champagne, on purpose that they might commit themselves in our presence," said Lady Trelawney. "What would you say, country coz, if we were to find Loftus on the front steps yet?"

"Do not hint at such a possibility," said Helen. "Why if I were to do so, I would take care of him till he recovered his senses, then make him promise never to do so again, and after that I would perhaps permit him to seal his promise on my hand." Cheered with the idea, both these lovely creatures repaired to the door, to look for the disgraced lover of Helen Nugent.

At the period whence my story is dated, Fishamble street was, what it has long since ceased to be, namely, a respectable street. Christ Church Cathedral, the third oldest place of worship in Dublin, was nearly opposite to the residence of Lady Trelawney. This Church, which was built in the year 1038, by Titricus, King of the Ostenii, was of course a very ancient building, at that time fast falling into decay, and now little else than a mass of ruins. Beneath it is a place of interment for the dead, through the vaults of which the river Liffey enters, and frequently overflows them; and the skulls and bones of long departed Saints, Heroes, and Statesmen, are seen floating on its surface. In short, the place has been described as being one of peculiar horror during the day time, but much worse at night, for the neighbourhood are continually disturbed by the noise of the myriads of rats that infest it, while trying to get at every new subject that is buried there.

It is doubtless already known to the reader, that in Ireland, as well as in other countries of Europe, to heighten the solemnity of the funeral service, they bury their dead by torch light. Just as Lady Trelawney and Miss Nugent opened the door to look out, they saw one of these melancholy processions moving up St.

Weibourgh street to Christ Church Cathedral. The night was dreadfully dark, and showed the red glare of the torches.

Making darkness visible, and flaring in the pale faces of the mourners and cowed priests, followed by the white robed choristers; and as if the scene was not sufficiently gloomy, two mastiffs in the neighbourhood set up a duett, by sending forth the most hideous, long-drawn howls that ever reached human ears.

"Let us go in and shut the door," said Miss Nugent, shuddering inwardly, "it makes me sick at heart to look at it, and hear such fearful sounds. Pray come in, cousin, and lock the door."

"I feel so too," replied Lady Jane, "Let us to bed, dear Helen, and try to lose these sensations in sleep, if possible."

"I shall not close my eyes to-night," said Miss Nugent, who, quite overcome by her feelings, burst into tears.—"I feel as if some heavy affliction was awaiting me." They retired to rest; Lady Trelawney, more sanguine and light-hearted, soon fell asleep, while Miss Nugent, as she predicted, did not close her eyes till near day.

In the morning the servant informed them that he had been to the Barracks, and that neither Fitzroy or Loftus were there. Lady Jane then sent him to the different hotels in the city, and another servant to the places to which these gentlemen were in the habit of resorting but to no purpose; no trace of them could be discovered. The distress of their friends was excessive, both being young men of distinguished families and fortune. At length the body of Fitzroy was found floating on the river Liffey, near a place called the Pigeon House; but still nothing could be heard of Loftus. Lady Trelawney mourned his death sincerely for a time, but in less than a year indemnified herself for his loss by marrying Colonel Archdale of the Royal Barracks, who had long been attached to her, and whose addresses had been rejected on account of her affection for Captain Fitzroy, but to whom he might be compared as "Hyperion to a Satyr."

About a year after the mysterious disappearance of Major Loftus, a branch of a noble and ancient family dying, the friends of the deceased intending to bury him beneath Christ Church, previously sent workmen to repair the vault, when they discovered the skeleton of a man lying near it, beside whom laid the hilt of a sword, out of the scabbard. The blade was shivered to atoms, as if broken in defending the owner. Some uniform buttons, and part of an epaulet, and a morsel of scarlet cloth, were all that remained to show where the handsome, brave, and generous Loftus had fallen. His name was on the hilt of his sword, which of course set all doubt of his identity at rest. It was then remembered, by one who attended the funeral ceremony, on the night that the

gentleman disappeared, that an officer followed the procession beneath the Church, but he was under the impression that he came out with it again; in which, however, the event proved he was mistaken; Major Loftus, doubtless not being in a situation to take care of himself, got lost in the immense labyrinth, and was shut in. The conclusion therefore is, that his sword was broken in defending himself from the attacks of the rats, by which he was destroyed. To be brief: Miss Nugent, who had never ceased to lament the death of her beloved Loftus, went into a convent in France, where she shortly after died. Colonel Archdale did not long survive his marriage, and on his deathbed confessed that the passion he entertained for Lady Jane, induced him to put some potion of a stupifying nature into the wine he gave Fitzroy to drink, purposely that he might by his conduct that evening create in her a feeling of disgust; that he could not give it to him without Major Loftus sharing it, but that had he been in the slightest degree aware of the probable consequences, he would not for worlds have been guilty of such an act. Thus, for the mere indulgence of the vile passions of envy and jealousy, was the peace of several amiable individuals completely destroyed for ever!

FROM THE FREE PRESS.

Charles and Ellen.

With the talents of an angel a man may be a fool.
DR. YOUNG.

Charles Kirkland was an only son. His father, Gen. Kirkland, was a man of wealth and talents; and Charles, showing considerable predilection for literary pursuits, was destined for the law; who, at an early age in compliance with his own and his father's wishes commenced the studies requisite for an accomplished lawyer; with so much perseverance, indeed, did he apply himself to his studies that at the early age of twenty he graduated at Yale College; and with a bosom glowing with all that spirit of emulation which shines so conspicuously in classic lore, he returned to the land of his nativity, young, gay, learned and accomplished. His parents looked upon him as the staff of their age, and with all the fervour of parental love worshipped him. Gazing upon Charles, the beholder might almost imagine that he saw the bright star of fate, in Time's far vista, pointing the way to the goal of fame.

But, alas! many a bright morning sun has been veiled by opposing clouds ere it had reached the noon-day splendour, and wrapped in the spirit of the tempest, has retired, unnoticed, to his resting place—and many a little bark in its first venturing upon the wild waters of life, has been wrecked by the "remorseless dash" of its billows.

At an early day Charles had learned and felt the magick influence the charms of a virtuous woman have upon the heart of man; his

affections had early yielded to the tender simplicity and holy loveliness of Ellen Car. Ellen was the youngest of four daughters. Her father was a respectable farmer, who lived in the neighbourhood of Gen. Kirkland.—Charles and Ellen had attended the same school in their youthful days, and had often sported together in careless rambles over the fields, plucking the flowers that sprang up in their way, or reclining upon the green sward listened to the notes of the cuckoo, that beauteous stranger of the woods ;” and Charles had ever felt for Ellen the purest affection ; but now, when he saw her beauty ripened to full perfection, and heard from her lips the emanations of a virtuous and well stored mind, he felt that she was absolutely necessary to his happiness, and influenced by the purest regard for her well-being he ventured to declare to her his love. She, having long nourished his image in her heart as the idol she worshipped, acknowledged a reciprocal feeling, and gave to him her heart and hand with all she was for ever. In short they were married : and with bright prospects and high raised hopes commenced the part allotted them, by fate in life’s mighty drama.

Time rolled on—and deep was the change he wrought in Ellen’s prospects—a change from youth’s bright hopes to deep despair. She learned that she was deceived in the object of her first and only love—a truth that many learn, yet few can brook.

Charles had ever been what the world calls, *a pretty good fellow for a scapie*. This is an appellation many young men are very fond of receiving, and many a deluded wretch in grasping this ideal honour, has found to his cost, that he has embraced to his bosom, a viper whose sting is death—he has found that the hydra with which he has been sporting has entwined around his heart ten thousand cords he cannot break ; and finding the charm too powerful for his weakened senses to resist, has given himself away to the irresistible sweep of the tide of passion. So Charles, vainly imagining that he was indulging in a luxury which he could at his option, lay aside, found, too late ever to rectify the mistake, that he was a victim, ready prepared for immolation upon the altar of bacchanalian sensuality ; and losing all that nice sense of honour for which he was noted in his younger days, and all regard for the happiness of his friends, or their respect, he fell from that high standing in society which he once claimed, to a level with the brutes ; nor did he fall alone. He was the root of the hopes of many, which, when he fell, withered and were crushed together with him.

He that now enters that noble dwelling which was once the residence of Kirkland’s happy family, will find that desolation has planted his footsteps there, and marked it for his own. She, who was its brightest ornament, has passed away ; nor is there a monu-

ment to tell the stranger where. The father and the mother of fallen Charles, they too slumber, side by side, in that all dreamless sleep which all soon or late, must share. Charles, a curse to himself, and his friends, if friends he has, still lives, a slave to his passions.

This is no fiction ; there are many, too many Kirklands in our land. Ardent spirits are sapping the very foundations of the temple of liberty, and are rolling their searing billows to our country’s utmost bounds ; from our legislative halls down to the lowest cottage that rears itself in the wilderness, through all the various grade of society, they have extended their blighting influence, adding, beyond computation to the amount of mortal woe.

It is astonishing, when we take into consideration the fact that they possess not one redeeming virtue—not one charm—men should pour them down as though they possessed the elixir of life. Remember, young man, when you take the bowl to drain its contents, that there is a poison there most deadly to happiness.

W. G. B.

BIOGRAPHY.

“ The proper study of mankind is man.”

The following abstract is from a memoir which originally appeared in the New-York Mirror. We regret that our limits will not enable us to give it entire :

John Rudolph Sutermeister,

To whose virtues and merit this faint tribute of affectionate remembrance is recorded, was born in the island of Curacao, in the West-Indies, to which place his father, *John Henry Sutermeister, Esq.* removed, it is believed, from Geneva in Switzerland, his native residence.—A few of the first years of his life were spent in the West-Indies ; and at the age of eight years, his father emigrated with all his family to America. After a brief residence in New-York, they removed to Rhinebeck, Dutchess county. He was there placed in the family of the Rev. Dr. Quitman of the Lutheran church, where, at an early age, he commenced the study of the languages.

With a view of settling some affairs relative to his estates, in the West-Indies, which were very considerable, his father returned with all his family, save young Sutermeister, to Curacao ; and during that time, while yet under the care of the Rev. Dr. Quitman, he was sent to the seminary at Cooperstown, then under the supervision and charge, as the writer believes, of that exalted scholar, the Rev. *Ernest Lewis Hazelius*. Here he devoted himself closely to his studies, and remained for some years.

His situation, at this time, was strikingly peculiar. In a foreign and strange land—without one relative in America—attending a seminary of learning, where, on account of his retiring disposition, he formed few acquaint-

affees;—and at an age when all our emotions, whether of joy or sorrow, are the most pungent, although not the most lasting. And the circumstances with which he here found himself surrounded, were of all others the most calculated to inspire the latter sensation. It was at this place, toward the close of his stay, that he first tuned his youthful lyre, by his own midnight lamp. It was here, in his wanderings on the romantic banks, of the beautiful *Otsego*, amidst the striking scenes so truly and happily described in the "*Pioneers*," that his early fancy went forth upon glittering and buoyant wing, to call the flowers of pure and holy thoughts, in the quiet and peaceful haunts of nature. With a mind acutely open to all its beauties, to use his own beautiful and expressive language—

"He woke his lyre on midnight's ear—
"And o'er its chords his fingers strayed,
"Till passing sorrow paused to hear
"The rapt and plaintive serenade!"

—often did his young but eloquent spirit weave his musings into song, which would have done the highest honour to maturer years; and to which thousands who would essay to commune with Apollo, may never attain.

During eight or nine years which his father spent in the West-Indies, (and in which time it is believed his mother died,) young Sutermeister was pursuing his studies, alternately at Rhinebeck, and Hartwick Seminary, in Otsego county. When his bereaved father returned to Rhinebeck with his remaining family, young Mr. S. commenced the study of the law in the office of Francis A. Livingston, Esq. of that village. It was also about this period, that he commenced the publication of his early pieces, in the "*Northern Whig*," published at Hudson, with the signature of "R." This was the same print in which Mr. James G. Brooks gave to the public the first happy numbers of "*Flores*;" and many of the effusions of "R." bore a good comparison with those finished pictures which the genius of the former gentleman often furnished for its columns. About a year after this time, several pieces made their appearance in the "*Commercial Advertiser*," and other New-York evening papers, with the same signature. They all bore the impress of high and lofty genius, mingled with a soft and touching melancholy and pensiveness, which, did it not belong to his early history in some wise, and other circumstance which occurred about this period, might be thought to have been added with the idea of producing effect to his compositions. Soon after, while prosecuting his studies, he began a correspondence with the "*New-York Evening Post*." To the readers of that admirable paper, he has given many a line of true poetic inspiration. Who has not felt a sadder throb at his heart while reading his beautiful and pathetic "*Lament*," or "*Faded hours*?" They are the genuine "sparklings of Helicon,"

breathing in elegant, yet melancholy numbers the sweetness of a harp, whose notes will be long remembered.

Early in the spring of 1824, he was admitted to practice at the bar of this state [N. Y.]—and about which time his father removed to an estate near Kingston, Ulster county. At that period, he visited the city of New-York, and, while here, wrote the poem for the celebration of the birth of Linnæus, at Flushing, Long-Island. In June, 1824, he made a tour of the western part of the state, with the intent to fix on a suitable place for the prosecution of his profession. In the same month he arrived at Syracuse, Onondaga county, and commenced the practice of the law in that village. It was there that the writer of this article first enjoyed the pleasure of his acquaintance and friendship;—and he looks back to the many bright and hallowed hours which he has had the happiness to spend in his society, as upon

"Spots of earth where angel-feet have stept."

He was a dear and cherished friend—with a manly, frank and generous heart. In all his conversation he threw the lustre of his genius and the charm of polished and cultivated life. But his expectations of success in his profession, although he walked with uprightness and precision in the crowded arena of honourable competition, were unrealized; and, in the winter of 1826, he took upon himself the editorial management of the "*Syracuse Gazette*." For the surprising ability with which he sustained that character, we need only refer the reader to its columns during that period.

Having previously determined on going to New-York, he relinquished the charge of the *Gazette*, and in July, 1826, he left Syracuse for that metropolis. Here his friends, who were numerous and respectable, procured him a suitable and lucrative connexion in law, and his prospects were most flattering. But alas! He who breaks in twain the varied but feeble web-work of human anticipation, has seen it fitting to remove him to another and untried state of existence. He died of a contagious disease, which was then much and alarmingly prevalent, on the sixteenth day of January, 1827. Yet long, among the wide circle of his companions and friends, in this and other regions, will his memory and his virtues be cherished and remembered. As a poet, he has done much honour to American literature. As a scholar and a gentleman, he had but few equals. And although he has passed from among us in the bloom of youth, when his spirit was buoyant with hope, and when his mind was rich with the stores of learning and of genius—yet who can forget his song, or the melancholy pleasure of musing upon his inspiring numbers? Long will the tears of regret bedew his urn, while his unconscious bosom is mouldering back to its kindred dust.

[Here the writer of this article introduces several exquisite poetical productions from the

gifted pen of Mr. Sutermeister, which we may lay before our readers at some future period.]

It would seem from the lines inserted below that he had a presentiment of his early and melancholy death. The lines occur in two of his poems :

But 'tis idle to utter the voice of wail!—
I shall soon go down into death's dark vale ;—
And my spirit will smile in the fields of rest,
While the death-clod rattles on this cold breast !

Alas ! the shades of death too soon
Will gather o'er my dreamless sleep—
And thou wilt beam, O, pensive moon,
Where *Love* should mourn and friends should weep !

But alas ! his song is hushed in the voiceless slumber of the grave—the pall of death has been given for the poet's bay—his ear is deaf to the voice of praise, or the censures of the carping critic—and his melancholy lyre is enwreathed with the funereal cypress, and hangs mute upon the willow. The eye, which drank in with rapture the varied beauty of nature, is sealed forever ;—and that heart, which awoke to every pure and holy feeling, is cold in the dust. The night-fall of the grave has been gathered around him—the sleep of death is upon him—and

"He may not wake, till earth and sea
Heave at the trump of God !" G.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,
"In pleasure seek for something new."

Proofs of Affection.

When a boy. I was one morning playing with marbles in the village ball alley, with a light heart and lighter pocket. The jibe and the jest went gaily round, when suddenly there appeared among us a stranger, of a very remarkable and very cheerful aspect ; his intrusion was not the least restraint upon our merry little assemblage—on the contrary, he seemed pleased, and even delighted ; he was a benevolent creature, and the rays of infancy, (after all, the happiest we shall ever see) perhaps rose upon his memory. God bless him ! I see his fine form, at the distance of half a century, just as he stood before me in the little ball alley, in the days of my childhood. His name was Boyse ; he was the rector of Newmarket. To me he took a particular fancy. I was winning and full of waggery, thinking of every thing eccentric, and by no means a miser of my eccentricities ; every one was welcome to share of them, and I had plenty to spare after having freighted the company. Some sweatmeats easily bribed me home with him. I learned from poor Boyse my alphabet, and grammar, and the rudiments of the classics. He taught me all he could, and then sent me to school at Middletown. In short he made a *man* of me. I recollect it was about five and thirty years afterwards, when I had risen to

some eminence at the bar, and when I had a seat in parliament, on my return one day from court, I found an old gentleman seated alone in my drawing room ; his feet familiarly placed on each side of the Italian chimney piece, and his whole air bespeaking the consciousness of one quite at home. He turned round—it was my friend of the ball alley. I rushed instinctively into his arms, and burst into tears. Words cannot describe the scene which followed :—" You are right, sir—you are right. The chimney piece is yours—the pictures are yours—the house is yours. You gave me all I have—my friend—my father—my benefactor !" He dined with me ; and in the evening I caught the tear glistening in his fine blue eye, when he saw poor Jack, the poor creature of his bounty, rising in the house of commons to reply to a right honourable. Poor Boyse ! he is now gone—and no suitor had a larger deposit of practical benevolence in the court above. This is his wine—let us drink to his memory.—*Curran.*

Anecdote of a Monkey.—A droll story is related of one of these creatures, that had been long kept by Pere Barbossan, and was strongly attached to him. He followed him if possible wherever he went ; and one day escaping the father's attention, who was generally careful to confine him, when he wanted to get rid of his company, he slyly attended him to church, and mounting on the sounding board above the pulpit, unperceived, he lay quietly till the service began. As soon as the preacher commenced the sacred ceremonies, Pug crept to the edge of the sounding board, overlooking his master, imitated every gesture with such a solemn air, and in so grotesque a manner, that the whole congregation was in a general titter. The father, insensible of the cause of such ill timed levity, reproached his audience for such improper behaviour when commencing the duties of divine worship. The mimic above his head, continued to imitate every gesture with the greatest archness.—The people could not compose their countenances ; but in spite of their utmost efforts, their risible muscles were set in motion again and again. The preacher now began to grow angry ; and in the warmth of his displeasure, redoubled his vociferations and gestures ; he thumped the pulpit with eagerness—raised his hands on high, and accompanied their motions with corresponding nods of the head. The monkey repeated all these gestures with the most grotesque mockery ; till at last the congregation had no power over themselves, but burst out into one loud and successive laughter. The preacher stood aghast at this unaccountable folly and disrespect, and would probably have left the church had not one of his friends stepped up to him and pointed out the cause of this extraordinary behaviour. On looking up, it was with the greatest difficulty he could command his own

countenance, and preserve the serious aspect of his sacred character, whilst the officers belonging to the church, were employed in removing this comical intruder.

Advantage of a large Bonnet—copied from a Chelmsford paper. A case of miraculous preservation of life happened last week at Margate. A lady was walking on a cliff with a child, when her bonnet blew into the sea. The lady, starting to save it, fell, dragging her infant with her into the ocean. Fortunately, she and her child fell exactly into the middle of the bonnet, when the lady, using the parasol she had with her by way of a scull, paddled herself ashore, to the great admiration of the spectators.

Origin of Turncoat—The Duke of Savoy took indifferently sometimes the part of France and sometimes that of Spain. For this purpose he had a justeau corps, or close coat, white on one side and scarlet on the other; so that when he meant to declare himself for France, he wore the white outside, and when for Spain, he turned it and wore the red. This is the origin of the proverb, *tourner casaque* or to turn your coat—*Sportsman's Magazine*.

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1828.

Melancholy Accident.—On Friday evening the 12th inst. Adam B. Miller, of the town of Ancram, fell from on board the Hudson Barge, No. 2, while in the act of passing from the Barge to the Steam-boat, and was drowned. The body was recovered and landed at Redhook.

The Opera Glass.—Though in our notice of this paper we were particular in mentioning the subjects to which it would be devoted; yet, as we consider it to be a work meriting extensive patronage, for the purpose of assisting in doing away any false impressions that may exist concerning it, we make the following extract from an article in a late number, under the editorial head, entitled "Ourselves:"—

"We would merely request those friendly editors who have noticed our work as 'a paper purely dramatic,' to correct an error which may prove injurious to its circulation. We shall endeavour to make ours an interesting miscellany, open to every subject embraced under the Fine Arts, Literature and the Drama. The latter shall always constitute a principle feature in the plan, but never to the exclusion of other matter."

Tales of the Emerald Isle.—This is the title of a work, highly spoken of, that has recently been issued from the New-York press; but which we have not yet seen. It is by Mrs. Stebbins, of Boston, authoress of "Tales of the Fireside." This lady is said to possess a local knowledge of the scenery in and about the cities of Ireland, of which she has no doubt availed herself in the prosecution of her literary labours, in a manner that will render her Irish Stories extremely interesting to emigrants from that country.

To afford our readers a specimen of the composition of Mrs. Stebbins, we insert, in this number, a tale from the "Opera Glass," entitled "Christ Church Cathedral," the production of her pen.

The Juvenile Miscellany.—The new series of this little work is under the editorial charge of Mrs. Hale, a lady already well known to the public, as the editor of the "Ladies' Magazine." To those, who have read the Magazine, the name of Mrs. Hale, will be a sufficient recommendation; and those who have not, will have an opportunity of patronizing that valuable periodical by becoming subscribers to the second volume, the first number of which, is to be issued in January.

The Pearl, or Affection's Gift.—This is the title of a beautiful little annual published in Philadelphia, by Thomas T. Ash. It is intended as a Christmas and New-Year's present for children, and contains stories of a moral and instructive cast, clothed in language adapted to the comprehension of juvenile minds. It is also interspersed with poetical effusions, which, though in some instances not above mediocrity, are in general well suited to the taste and capacity of the little readers for whom it is designed. The engravings six in number, are well executed, from subjects judiciously chosen. Altogether it is worthy of the attention of parents and guardians, who, we hope, will extend their patronage to this first attempt at getting up a year-book for the exclusive purpose of supplying the mental wants, and aiding in the amusement and instruction of the youthful part of community.

Sir Walter Scott.—This unwearied author is said to be engaged on another novel, founded on certain incidents in the history of Charles the Bold; whose character he has, in "Quentin Durward," so happily contrasted with that of Lewis the eleventh.

HUDSON FORUM,

Will meet at the Court-House on Wednesday Evening, December 24th, at 7 o'clock, and discuss the following question.—"Ought Imprisonment for debt to be abolished?"

Doct. J. Talman, President.

R. Reed, Esq.

Gen. J. R. Van Rensselaer,

Doct. S. White,

T. Bay, Esq.

Col. R. L. Livingston.

E. C. Thurston, Esq. Secretary.

Vice Presidents.

MARRIED,

At Athens, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Prentiss, Mr. Daniel A. Tripp, of Ancram, to Miss Lauretta Haviland of the former place.

DIED,

In this city, on the 6th inst. William Rowley, Jun. in the 22d year of his age, son of William Rowley, merchant of this city.

On the same day, Mary Ann Poultney, aged 4 years and 3 months.

On the 10th inst. Jason J. Lucas aged 9 years, 9 months and 10 days.

On the 14th inst. Capt. David Van Ness, aged 60 years.

At Claverack, on the 8th inst. Mrs. Lucretia Stewart, wife of Stephen V. R. Stewart, in the 24th year of her age. Her name will be associated in the recollection of those who knew her, with tedious sufferings, patient endurance, and pious resignation to the divine will. She has left a devoted husband with three infant children to deplore her early removal from their endearment. She was a *professed follower* of Jesus Christ, and during her last hours, her hope was strong, her mind uncommonly triumphant and tranquil, and she seemed to wait the Lord's pleasure in the prospect of her dissolution, appropriating the inspired language of the apostle, "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."—*Communicated.*



POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY. A FRAGMENT.

The bell had toll'd, and o'er the body of
The sleeping innocent (sleeping in death)
Prayers had been offered to the God of Heaven.

I perceiv'd the dark rob'd train of mourners,
Moving along with slow and solemn pace,
Bearing the infant's corse.

They were there, too,
Who had been parents—parents now no more!
Following the sad procession. But alas!
Who can paint the feelings of the mother?—
Her soul was melted into briny drops,
Her heart was broke. Still she lived.

The partner
Of her joys and sorrows, with manly tread,
Held up the lovely burden at his side.—
He shed no tears, but seemed to feel as if
He'd nothing left but her, and seem'd to say,
"I only live for thee!"

Affliction, heaped
On true and faithful friends, becomes the source
Of fresh and undisguised affection.

A group had gathered round a new dug grave,
And, with sad and solemn movements, the corpse
Was lowered into the dark and gloomy chasm,—
When suddenly a shriek, a piercing shriek,
Was heard—was heard again, and all was still.
The mother's grief, too great to be suppress'd,
Burst forth, and her pure and spotless spirit
Wing'd its way, to rejoin her lovely babe,
In the bright realms of Heaven. ADOLESCENS.

FROM THE ATLANTIC SOUVENIR FOR 1829.

DEATH.

Lift high the curtain's drooping fold,
And let the evening sunlight in!
I would not that my heart grew cold
Before its better years begin.
'Tis well that such a holy hour,
So calm and pure, a sinking ray
Should shine into the heart, with power
To charm its darker thoughts away.
The bright young thoughts of early days,
Shall gather in my memory now;
And not the later cares, whose trace
Is stamped so deeply on my brow;
What though those days return no more,
The sweet remembrance is not vain,
For heaven is waiting to restore
The childhood of my soul again.
Let no impatient mourners stand
In hollow sadness near my bed;
But let me rest upon the hand,
And let me hear the gentle tread
Of her whose kindness long ago,
And still unworn away by years,
Hath made my weary eyelids flow
With grateful and admiring tears.
I go—but let no plaintive tone
The moment's grief of friendship tell,
And let no proud and graven stone
Say where the weary slumbers well.

A few short hours—and then for heaven;
Let sorrow all its tears dismiss;
For who can mourn the warning given
To call us from a world like this?

FROM THE NEW-YORK MORNING COURIER.

HEBREW—2d KINGS, 6—7.

Where had thy war-host, oh Israel! fled
When ye couched at the sound of the Syrian's tread,
Nor raised was the banner, nor grappled the sword,
Yet the Syrian struck at the voice of the Lord?

It came when at midnight was closed every eye—
Hark!—starting and fearful it burst from the sky!
And chariots and horsemen, with clash and with clang,
All trackless and wild o'er the slumberers rang!
The foemen leap'd up—fly, oh fly from the strife—
Leave purple and silver, and rush for your life!
Through thy forests, Mana'sah, they sweep like the wind,
And the anger of Heaven rolled fiercely behind!

Rise, daughters of Judah—no wail for the slain
Shall mingle a sigh with your harps' merry strain—
And gather young garlands and bind on your brow,
The red drop rests not on their loneliness now.
Yet no chieftain shall laugh in the pride of his might—
To the King of the kingly, the sword of the fight,
Be the gush of your heart at his altar seat poured,
And wreath a green leaf round the shrine of the Lord.

NORNA.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

Acrostic requested by a young pupil.—LOUISA SWEET.

Louisa, Sweet are youthful hours,
Our life's unruffled, rosy spring,
Unsoil'd as newest summer flow'rs
In groves where wild birds only sing,—
Such were the joys of Eden's bowers,
And sweet, Louisa, were those hours.

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
"Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—The letter I.

PUZZLE II.—One word.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Once in a year I'm sought with care,
And one whole year am trusted;
But when one year is out you are
With my advice disgusted.

II.

Five letters will compose my name,
And passing hours disclose my fame.
Cities I oft protect from harm,
And sometimes slumbering men alarm.

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office upon reasonable terms.

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